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THE LATE LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

On the 21st of December last this eminent German historian entered upon his ninetieth birthday. In spite of his advanced age he was still in possession of his strong, clear intellect; and the completion about the same time of the sixth volume of Universal History, the first of which had only been begun ten years before, showed that his capacity for work was in no way diminished. But the aged scholar felt that his working days could not last much longer, for he wrote at the conclusion of the volume, "I would be happy if it would be granted me to present that period (of which he had just spoken before) from this point of view." But it was not to be. A few months more he continued to labor and then, on the 21st of May last, he passed to his long rest. The Rev. G. C. Seibert, D.D. writes the following interesting sketch of his life:—

Leopold Ranke is a son of a wealthy lawyer, who owned a fine farm in the so-called Goldene Aue, a very productive part of Germany. He was born December 21, 1795, and spent his early days on the farm of his father, surrounded by all the desirable comforts of life. He had several brothers, all of whom have become distinguished men. One was president of a celebrated college at Berlin, another, the youngest, Ernst Ranke, was formerly a plain country pastor, but was, I am sure, mostly by the brightness which his brother Leopold had given to the name Ranke, called as Professor of Theology to the University of Marburg, where, in 1852, the writer of these lines was examined by him in theology.

Leopold graduated in 1814 from the grand old college at Schulpforta, in Prussia, from which Klopstock and many other great men have gone forth. He entered the University of Leipsic as a student of classic philology and theology. But theology does not seem to have attracted him very much. Rationalism was at that time prevailing in the German churches and lecture-rooms. It was the time of theological and spiritual famine, as we call it in German. Young Leopold Ranke had preached once from the pulpit. Then he gave it up, not because he became an unbeliever, like Lessing, but because he found he had not the special calling for the pastoral office. As he had also studied philology, he was, in 1817, promoted to the rank of Doctor of Philosophy, and became then a member of the faculty of the college at Frankfort on the Oder. I would here remark that in Germany there is at least one college in every town, while large cities have four, five, or six. Every citizen can, therefore, give to his son a good education, which he could not do if science was monopolized in a very few places.

Ranke had a peculiar taste for history. When a student at Leipsic he thought of writing the history of Dr. Luther and his time. Many years later he executed this plan in his grand work, "German History in the time of the Reformation," the volumes of which appeared from 1839 to 1847. There are in German dozens of great works on the time of Luther and the Reformation, but there is no work as original, as peculiar, as deep, and as comprehensive as the work of Ranke. When he wrote this great work, which alone would have given him a place among the very best historians of all times and nations, Ranke had published already a number of other remarkable works; first his "History of the Nations of Europe from 1494 to 1535," then "Princes and Nations of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," then, in 1829, a "History of the Serbian Revolution."

THE LATE LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

In 1825 Ranke had been called to the chair of Professor of History at Berlin. In 1827 he visited Vienna, Venice, Florence, and Rome in order to examine the archives of those places and to gather material for his studies. He was a searcher, investigator, and examiner of old documents without an equal. He was digging after historical gold in the dust and dirt of old archives and libraries with a zeal and with a perseverance that won the admiration of all who knew him. After he had returned from his visit to Italy Ranke wrote his work entitled, "History of the Popes in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," in three large volumes. This work is, I think, the masterwork of Ranke. I remember how it fascinated us young men when we studied it. Not having money enough to buy it, I made copious extracts from it and partly copied it in 1851.

In 1840, King Frederick William IV., the elder brother of the present Emperor William, ascended the throne of Prussia. Being himself a great scholar and able, as one has said, to fill the chair of a professor of philosophy, of theology, of history, and of law, the new king was a great friend and admirer of Ranke and supported him liberally. He made him historian of Prussia in 1841, and Ranke in return wrote his "Nine Books of Prussian History," which appeared in 1847 and 1848, in which he with the firm hand of a master, delineates the origin, struggles, development, and growth of the House of Hohenzollern and of Prussia. Hardly had this great and noble work been finished when the indefatigable historian commenced his "History of France since the time of the Reformation," after which he published a similar work on the "History of England" in the same period.

Ranke had won by his works a world-wide reputation. The Pope had put his first work concerning the time of the Reformation in the "*Index librorum prohibitorum*," which, of course, was a great honor for Ranke. But at the same time his books were translated into all the languages of civilized Europe, and from all parts of Europe students crowded to Berlin in order to attend his lectures. A number of young men gathered around him who adopted his principles and method in studying and writing history. They form the so-called school of Ranke. The most prominent are Waitz, Kopke, Giesebrecht, the author of the most excellent work, "History of the times of German Emperors," Hirsch, and Willmanns. If we remember that Ranke, while he wrote so large a number of valuable books, was giving regularly his daily lectures as professor of the university, we can get a faint idea of the immense amount of work which this German scholar accomplished.

One of his faithful and grateful hearers and admirers was the father of the late king of Bavaria, the noble and much beloved Maximilian II. When he became king he called Ranke to Munich, but Ranke declined. He had at Berlin everything he wanted, and he did not like to move. He lived in the same little old house which he had occupied for forty years. The King of Prussia honored him greatly because he had remained in Berlin. Ranke was intrusted with the task of editing the correspondence of Frederick William IV. with Baron Bunsen, the friend and ambassador of the king in England. Later he edited also the memoirs and letters of Hardenberg, the Prime Minister of Prussia in the time of Napoleon I.

When Ranke reached the age of seventy he ceased to lecture but not to work. He stopped lecturing rather in order to gain time for work. In 1869 he published a "History of Wallenstein" and settled for ever the question whether Wallenstein was a traitor to his emperor or not. In 1871 Ranke published a book on the origin of the Seven Years' War between Frederick II., and Maria Theresa. Thus he surprised his countrymen almost every year with a new

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book. But the greatest surprise was yet in store for them. When eighty years old Ranke undertook to write a "History of the World" from the earliest times. He has finished six large volumes of this great work. He sent every year a new volume to Emperor William, who is of the same age and still up and doing. I have this precious work, each volume of which costs about $8 and love to study it. The last part recently appeared in Berlin. It brings us to about 1000 A. D.

Now what are the excellencies of this historian? One is certainly his originality and utter independence of other writers. He always goes back to the primary sources and draws from them. The reports and papers of the ambassadors of kings and nations are the *fundgruben* (mines) which he likes the best. Here in these mines he loves to work like a miner digging after gold. Having dug out certain bare facts, Ranke combines them in a peculiar manner and throws unexpected flashes of new light over men and events. This indefatigable zeal of fundamental investigation and this peculiar skill of combination we do not find in any other German historian as in Ranke.

Add to these qualities an impartial justice which likes to give *suum cuique*, to every one what he deserves, not more and not less, and to represent men and things just as they were in reality; add a sound judgment and a peculiar power of discernment by which Ranke can establish always the true value, importance, and historic influence of men and events; add, finally, his positive, sound, Christian principles, which in his last work are more apparent than in others, and you have the stamina of the character of this great and noble historian.

BISMARCK'S RELIGION.

Bismarck in his youthful days tried dissipation, and abandoned it because he found it a weariness. He allowed himself to drift in the currents of caprice and humor, until he became disgusted with life.

He had never come into contact with religion, in the true sense of the word, until he met Johanna Von Putkammer. The acquaintance ripened into a deep and lasting affection. The young lady's parents were quiet and religious persons, and when young Bismarck asked for their daughter's hand, they were greatly surprised, and knew not what answer to return.

His marriage brought him in contact with men and women who led blameless lives, who did good work in the world, and who yet lived as if they were in the presence of a Judge, a Father, and a Friend.

His young wife brought him face to face with a new power, and discovered to him a motive of life—personal loyalty to a personal God. From the day of his marriage he seems to have been swayed by a motive power that had hitherto been wanting in his life—to do his duty before the living God.

Four years after his marriage he wrote his wife, from the scenes of his former dissipation and folly:

"I cannot understand how a man who reflects upon himself, and who neither knows God nor desires to know Him—I cannot understand how such a man can endure a life so burdened with *ennui* and self-contempt. I cannot tell how I used to bear it; if I were again obliged to live as I once did, without God, without you and the children, I really do not see why I should not cast this life aside like a dirty shirt."

Twenty-three years after, he wrote her, in the excitement of the French war,—

"If I were not a Christian, I would not serve the king another hour. If I did not obey my God and put my trust in Him, my respect for earthly rulers would be but small. If I did not believe in a Divine government of the world which had predestined the German nation to something good and great, I would abandon the trade of diplomacy at once. I do not know whence my sense of duty should come except from God. Titles and decorations have no charm for me. Take away from me my belief in my personal relations to God, and I am the man to pack up my things to-morrow, to escape to Varzin (his country-seat), and look after my crops."

Doubtless Bismarck, being a man, has fallen short of his ideal. In the opinion of many good and wise men, he has again and again made serious mistakes. But admitting these errors and short-comings, this significant fact appears:

One of the greatest statesmen of the age confesses that he has been swayed in his statesmanship by his belief that he was carrying out a Divine purpose. The most successful statesman of the age says that thoughts of God and immortality have lifted him up above the praises of men and the selfish gratification of his pride and all mere personal ambition.

Gladstone, like Bismarck, acknowledges his reliance in the unseen and directing hand. Faith is the strength of truly great minds, the motive power of unselfish action, and all truly great and fruitful endeavor.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE NEGRO'S OFFERING.

It was somewhat early in the present century when missions to the west Indies were enjoying that bright morning of promise and hope which, notwithstanding all the difficulties that have been encountered, have been so blessedly realized. The station at New Amsterdam had enjoyed such a large accession of members and dependants that a larger chapel was imperatively demanded. How was it to be accomplished? There would be no government grant; there were no wealthy residents disposed to assist; therefore the work must be done, if done at all chiefly by the self-denying efforts of the negroes, who were then of course slaves. Accordingly a meeting was summoned for the purpose of ascertaining how far help might be relied on. On the evening for the meeting the missionary took his place at the table-pew, and began to call over the names of the members. At length he came to the name of "Fitzgerald Matthew," and a voice said, "I am here, sir," and, at the same time, an old man with a wooden leg came hobbling through the crowd to the table-pew. The minister wondered what he meant, for the others had answered to their names without leaving their places. He was much struck, however, by the man's apparent earnestness. All eyes, of course, were on the lame negro though no one knew his purpose. On coming up to the minister he put his hand into one pocket and took out a handful of silver wrapped in paper, and said, "That's for me, massa."

"O," said the missionary, "I don't want it now; I only want to know how much you could afford to give. I will ask for the money another time."

"Oh, massa," said the negro, "God's work must be done, and I may be dead." And, so saying, he plunged his hand into another pocket and took out another handful of silver, adding, "That for my wife, massa."

The minister, of course, could not object, and was no less pleased than amused, especially as the old man thrust his hand into another pocket, and took out a smaller parcel, and said, "That's for my child, massa," at the same time handing the minister a piece of paper, which somebody had written for him, to say how much the whole amounted to. The sum was only a little less than £3—a large sum for a poor field negro with a wooden leg.—*Friendly Greetings.*

A YOUNG MAN who was a pupil at Rugby School was noted for his bad penmanship. When his teachers remonstrated, he replied: "Many men of genius have written worse scrawls than I do. It is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault." Ten years later this lad was an officer in the English army, doing service in the Crimean War. An order he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and the result was the loss of a great many brave men.

THE SORROWS of a noble soul are as May frosts, which precede the milder seasons; but the sorrows of a hardened, lost soul, are as the autumn frosts, which foretell but the coming of winter.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—JULY 25.

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.—John 11: 20-27, 39-44.

COMMIT VERSES 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life.—1 John 11: 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the resurrection and the life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 11: 17-27.
T. John 11: 28-44.
W. John 11: 45-57.
Th. John 5: 17-29.
F. Rom. 6: 1-13.
Sa. 1 Cor. 15: 12-28.
Su. 1 Cor. 15: 35-38.

TIME.—January to February, A.D. 30., immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—Bethany, on the Mount of Olives, about two miles south-east of Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.—In our last lesson we left Lazarus dead at Bethany, and Jesus remaining two days still in Peræa, and then journeying with His disciples toward Bethany. When He arrived He found that Lazarus had been dead and buried four days, the burial, according to Jewish custom, taking place on the same day on which he died. He was buried in a cave, or a recess hollowed out of the perpendicular side of a rock. It was probably a private tomb in a garden. The sisters were at the house mourning with friends.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

20. MARTHA MET HIM: just outside of the village, v. 30. Jesus did not go to the house, (1) because He would see and instruct the sisters alone. (2) The Jews there might report Him to the Pharisees and hinder His plans. BUT MARY SAT STILL: or still sat. Being more retired, she did not hear of Jesus' arrival as soon as Martha, who would be busy with the household, and first see the messenger (see Luke 10: 38-42). 25. I AM THE RESURRECTION: all the dead shall rise through My power, therefore I can raise to life as easily now as on that great day. 26. SHALL NEVER DIE: there will be no end to His existence. Physical death will be but a change: a doorway to a higher life. 27. THOU ART THE CHRIST: and therefore what you say must be true, though I cannot quite understand it. 39. TAKE AWAY THE STONE: that was rolled against the entrance of the tomb. 41. THOU HAST HEARD ME: Jesus, as the Messiah, kept up continual communication with His Father in heaven. 44. BOUND HAND AND FOOT: either the limbs separately, or his whole body was wound loosely in cloths. The coming forth may have required little more than sitting up and appearing at the entrance of the tomb.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Jesus in our last lesson? Where was He going? What for? How long after Lazarus' death did Jesus reach Bethany? (v. 39.)

SUBJECT: JESUS THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

I. JESUS TEACHING THE DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION (vs. 20-27).—Where did Martha meet Jesus? (v. 30.) What was her greeting? How did she know that her brother would not have died had Jesus been there? What shows that she still hoped for some help from Jesus? Had Jesus raised any from the dead before this? (Luke 7: 11-17; 8: 49-56.)

What was Jesus' reply? (v. 23.) What did Martha take this to mean? (v. 24.) What great doctrine did Jesus then teach her? What is the resurrection? Who only are to have this resurrection to life? What does Jesus mean by saying that He is the resurrection? How can Christians be said never to die? How did Martha give her assent to this teaching? (v. 27.) How was her faith in Jesus as the Messiah an assurance that she believed what Jesus had been teaching?

Why did not Jesus come to Martha's house? How did Martha know of Jesus' approach before Mary? How does the conduct of the sisters agree with what we have known of them before? (Luke 10: 38-42.) Were Martha's regrets (v. 21) wise? What change is made in us by the resurrection? What comfort do you derive from this great truth for yourself? for your friends? Was the resurrection of Lazarus an example of our resurrection?

II. JESUS AT THE GRAVE OF LAZARUS (vs. 28-38).—What message did Martha take to her sister? Does the Master call for us? In what ways? To what does He call us? Which is the shortest verse in the Bible? Why did Jesus weep? Give another instance of His weeping. (Luke 19: 41-43.) What does this show as to His tenderness and sympathy?

III. JESUS GIVES A PROOF OF HIS POWER TO RAISE THE DEAD (vs. 39-44).—What did Jesus say at the grave? (v. 41.) Did Jesus need to pray in order to do His wondrous works? Why did He wish to let the people know that He had communication with His Father? What did He say to Lazarus? With what result? How was Lazarus bound? How does this show that Jesus has power to raise the dead at the last day?

Why did Jesus lift up His eyes when He prayed? Were Jesus' miracles performed at great cost to Him in mental and spiritual strain? (vs. 33, 38; Mark 9: 29.) Was it a privilege to Lazarus to be brought to life again? Show how this raising of Lazarus is a parable of conversion from the death of sin to the new life.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. The resurrection is the proof of immortal life.

II. We are the same persons after the resurrection, but changed, as a seed into a flower.

III. Only as we believe in Jesus and receive His life, can we have part in this resurrection of life.

IV. The Master is come and calleth for us, by His Word, His providence, His dying love, His Holy Spirit, by Christian influence, through friends, by our consciousness, by a sense of gratitude.

V. He calls us to God, to heaven, to a holy life, to usefulness, to joy, to every good.

VI. A parable of redemption: (1) men are dead in sin; (2) they cannot save themselves: (3) the only hope is in Jesus; (4) We should go to Jesus for our friends; (5) Jesus grieves over sinners; (6) to those who believe He gives new life; (7) at first the new convert is hampered by the grave clothes of old habits, prejudices, ignorance. "Loose him and let him go!"

LESSON V.—AUGUST 1.

JESUS HONORED.—John 12: 1-16.

COMMIT VERSES 12-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hosanna: Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord.—John 12: 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus should be honored by precious gifts from the heart, and by public praise.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 12: 1-16.
T. Matt. 21: 1-17.
W. Mark 11: 1-11; 14: 1-9.
Th. Luke 19: 29-44.
F. Ps. 118: 1-29.
Sa. Matt. 23: 5-16.
Su. Luke 7: 36-47.

TIME.—Jesus arrived at Bethany, Friday evening, March 31st, A.D. 30. Six or eight weeks after our last lesson. The supper was Saturday evening, April 1st. The triumphal entry on Sunday (the day after the Sabbath), April 2nd.

PLACE.—Bethany: Mount of Olives; Jerusalem.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—The anointing by Mary, Matt. 26: 6-13. Mark 14: 3-9. The triumphal procession. Matt. 21: 1-11. Mark 11: 1-11. Luke 19: 29-44.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Matt. 19: 3 to 20: 34. *Mark 10*: 2-52. *Luke 17*: 11 to *19*: 28.

INTRODUCTION.—The raising of Lazarus produced such an excitement that the rulers determined to put Jesus to death. But Jesus escaped to a small town, called Ephraim, twenty miles north of Jerusalem, and remained several weeks. Just before the Passover He returns to Jerusalem. What took place on the way—miracles, parables, discourses—we learn from the other evangelists.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. SIX DAYS: Friday evening, March 31st. 2. A SUPPER: on Saturday (their Sabbath) evening, but after the close of the sacred day. The supper was at the house of Simon. 3. A POUND: a Roman pound, 12 oz avoirdupois. OINTMENT: perfume. SPIKENARD: nard from India or Arabia. It is made from an aromatic plant called spikenard (*nardus spicatus*). 4. THEN SAID ONE: but He led others to join with Him, Matt. 26: 8. 5. THREE HUNDRED PENCE: or shillings. A penny (denarius) was a silver coin worth 15 or 16 cents. The whole was worth 45 to 50 dollars, but was equal to $300 or $100 now. 6. BARE: bare away, stole. 12. THE NEXT DAY: Sunday, April 2nd. HOSANNA: is a rendering of Greek letters of the Hebrew SAVE WE PRAY, Ps. 118: 25. 14. AS IT IS WRITTEN: Zech. 9: 9.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Intervening history.—The supper.—Spikenard.—300 pence.—The value of this act of Mary.—Judas' objection.—Giving for the Gospel of Christ increases giving to the poor.—The triumphal entry.—What Jesus did on the way.—The object of this procession.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give a brief account of the events between the last lesson and this. When did the events of this lesson occur? In what other places are they recorded? Have you read the account in each?

SUBJECT: EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE AND HONOR TO OUR SAVIOUR.

I. THE PRECIOUS GIFT,—EXPRESSING LOVE (vs. 1-3).—From what place did Jesus come to Bethany? (John 11: 54.) When? What did some of the people do for Jesus? At whose house? (Mark 14: 3.) Who was among the guests? How did Martha show her devotion to Jesus? What did Mary do for Him? What is spikenard? How much was this flask worth? Where did she pour this nard? (v. 3: Matt. 26: 7.) What did she show by this act? What by the way she wiped His feet? How did Jesus accept this act? (Mark 14: 9.) Why was it so precious? What good does it do to express our kind feelings? How may we express our love to Jesus?

Why was Lazarus one of the guests? Was Martha's service as real an expression of love as Mary's gift? How does expressing love increase it? Do we need more of this giving costly things to Jesus, from love? Do we need to express our love oftener to friends, parents, pastors, teachers?

II. A TWOFOLD OPPOSITION (vs. 4-11).—Who found fault with Mary for her gift? (v. 4; Matt. 26: 8.) What was Judas' argument? Why was it not a good argument? What was Judas' real motive? Do gifts to Christ, and for the spread of the Gospel, lessen the amounts given to the poor?

Who came to see Jesus and Lazarus? Why? Who sought to destroy them? Why?

Why did Judas hide his motives under a mask of virtue? Is this common? How is it when rum-sellers oppose the laws in the name of temperance; and Sabbath-breakers in the name of the true Sabbath? How was the nard kept against the day of Christ's burial? What are the facts as to giving to the poor? Do those who give most to the Gospel give the most to the poor?

III. THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION,—EXPRESSING HONOR (vs. 12-16).—What took place next day? What day of the week was it? Was it their Sabbath? Where did the procession start from? From what place did Jesus start? Where did they meet? (Mark 11: 1.) On what did Jesus ride? What did the people say? Meaning of HOSANNA? What part did the children take? (Matt. 21: 15.) What was the object of all this? What did Jesus do as He came within sight of the city? (Luke 19: 41-44.) Why did He weep? What did He do after He had reached Jerusalem? (Matt. 21: 10-16.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Expressions of affection are of great value.

II. They increase love, they prove love, they comfort the loved.

III. The worldly heart does not understand the blessedness and power of self-sacrifice and gifts of love.

IV. Bad men put forward good motives for their bad deeds.

V. It is always our duty and privilege to minister to Christ by ministering to His poor.

VI. Gifts for the Gospel, for missions, for Christ's cause, increase the giving to the poor.

VII. We should honor Christ as our King and Saviour.

VIII. Even in the midst of triumphs there are sins and sorrows to weep over.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TO MOTHERS OF LARGE FAMILIES.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

Mothers ought to have a great deal of help from the older children. Here is just where many mothers do their children real harm through thoughtlessness. It is not unselfishness to be constantly doing for your children, to attend to their physical wants when they are old enough to attend to such themselves and should lend a hand with the younger children.

I realize this thing more than ever as two boys are visiting us. To my surprise they cannot do half the things to help themselves that my boy of eleven can do. A boy of twelve should be able to sew buttons on shoes or coat and sew up any little rip; a busy mother should never be troubled with such matters. He can be taught to open and air his room, and on Saturdays and Sundays each child over ten can make his or her own bed. Boys as well as girls can learn to brush up a room, water the plants tidily, or put the sitting-room in good order. Any child over ten can put away the clean clothes if the mother sorts them in piles on her bed, can dry dishes, sweep down the stairs or wash, and even clean first floor windows. And children who are trained to do such things are far happier than those who are never called on. The best boys I know are the children of a little woman who does her own work with their help. I see, now that I have six children in the house, that in many ways it is easier to care for a family of six than of four, as I long ago learned that four are less trouble than one. Your children should be your helpers, dear busy friend. If they are not be sure you are making a mistake. It is this very thing that makes "neither poverty nor riches" such an advantage. One is so apt, if there are plenty of servants and money, to forget that children need steady employment. No amount of study or gymnastics will take the place of house-work to both boy and girl. Every boy should know how to toast bread, make tea and coffee, broil a steak, fry potatoes, trim a lamp, and "clean up" a room. These things are taught insensibly where the one girl goes out once a week and the mother is wise enough to let all her children help.

The youngsters begin well enough. Every child of six wants to "help mamma," but the foolish woman thinks it too much trouble to teach the little one; small wonder if after repeated refusals of proffers of aid the child lets mother toil on and on.

Mothers, let us examine ourselves on all sides. Let us take this matter to the Lord. If we are selfish and neglectful, turning the younger children off on the older ones from mere laziness, that is sin; but it is no less sin to be doing other people's work. We are promised strength sufficient; so if a mother of eight children has so much nervous strain and weariness, she may possibly be doing more than her share in the home. God give to each of us "a right judgment in all things!"—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

WOMAN'S WORK.

The following extract is taken from a sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, reported in *The Brooklyn Magazine*:

"The wife and mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library; while she is health officer, police, and president of her realm! She must do a thousand things, and do them well, in order to keep things going smoothly; and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week, you would be a fit candidate for Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. The half-rested housekeeper arises in the *morning*. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light; what if the marketing did not come; what if the clock has stopped—no matter, she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn; what if they do not know their lessons; what if they have lost a hat or sash—they must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan; but what if the butcher has sent meat unmasticable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated, and what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur—you must be ready. Spring weather comes, and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast; but what if the moth has preceded you to the chest; what if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year; what if the fashions have changed. Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the ear-ache. You must be in half a dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing-room, be patient, be lenient!

"There is nothing but the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ that will take a woman happily through the trials of home life. At first there may be a romance or a novelty that will do for a substitute. The marriage hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go! The mishaps of the household, instead of being a matter of anxiety and reprehension, are a matter of merriment—the loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen; the slushy custards; the jaundiced or measly biscuits. It is a very bright sunlight that falls on the cutlery and the mantel ornaments of a new home.

"But after a while the romance is all gone, and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called 'Cookery Taught in Twelve Lessons' will not teach. The receipt for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that, and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary condiments, or flavored with ordinary flavors, baked in ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness; and all the ingredients come down from heaven, and the fruits are plucked from the tree of life, and it is sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of home trial. Solomon wrote out of his own experience. 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.'"

A SMALL WAIST.

Sitting in church the other Sunday, a lady came and sat directly before me. It was impossible not to see her, too difficult not to notice her appearance. She was very tall, very pale, very thin, and had the smallest waist for her height I ever saw connecting the upper and lower portions of a living woman. How could I help thinking of her anatomy? Where had she stowed her stomach? whereabouts lay her liver? into what corner had she packed her spleen? what could she do with her diaphragm, under a broad belt that cut her almost in two like a wasp or an hour-glass? A glance at her pale, sickly face showed that her heart was having a hard time of it in such cramped quarters, while no proper aeration of the blood in such crowded lungs was possible. There was but one comfort. No man of sense would marry her, and the consequences of her folly will not go down to posterity. There is a Lord Chamberlain who regulates the length of skirts worn in the London theatres. Would it not be wiser to appoint some proper officer to inspect the waists of women who commit slow suicide by this hideous folly of tight lacing?—*Dr. T. L. Nichols.*

BLUING CLOTHES.

Nothing is more annoying to a good housekeeper than to have her laundress careless in bluing the clothes. For those who prefer liquid bluing, there are many good kinds, and if used properly will cause no discomfort. But if poured into the rinsing tub lavishly and without stirring thoroughly into the water, there will inevitably be blue streaks disfiguring the clothes. If liquid bluing is used, it must be very thoroughly stirred into the water, and the clothes should not be allowed to remain but a few minutes in the tub, but be speedily rinsed and wrung out, keeping the water in constant motion, so that the bluing has no chance to settle. But the bluing which comes in little balls, or cubes, is much safer than any liquid bluing. Tie a ball, or cube, into a bag made of two thicknesses of flannel, and whirl the bag round in the tub of rinsing water until the water assumes a bright, sky-blue tint. Do not squeeze the bag at all; only pass swiftly through the water; then pass the clothes through the blued water, wring out, snap well, and spread smoothly on the line. Do not make the water more than half as deep a color as when using ordinary blue; and when the clothes are ironed they will have a clear pearly tint.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

FUSSINESS.

There is no foe to domestic peace and comfort like fussiness. It arises largely from a lack of system or plan, and from too great attention to minor details. Some housekeepers have the habit of stirring up everything at once. They begin their day's work anywhere, without any relation to what is most urgent or necessary to be accomplished. They lose sight of the always-excellent rule—one thing at a time, and that first which is most important. It is a good plan to sit quietly down at the beginning of each day and take a survey of the domestic field. Decide what must be done, and what, in case of lack of time, or the intervention of other duties, may be put off, and then set to work without undue haste to perform necessary duties. Learn to do it quietly, without noise. Be careful to take no useless steps. There is a vast amount of strength expended in this way, and nervous energy wasted.

TO CHOOSE A HAM.

Never look for the cheapest; it will be a dear bargain. Cheap hams dry up and curl up when cooking, affording no nourishment. And never select a very lean ham. Some who dislike the fat, look upon a fat ham as absolute waste; but, as in beef, if you buy a lean piece to avoid the fat, it will surely be dry and tough. Bear this in mind: a well-fed, quickly fattened pig will furnish tender, juicy, fine-flavored meat, and then you will be willing to lose some of the fat when cooking for what will be gained in the superior flavor of the rest of the flesh. Look for a ham well rounded out and plump, and see that the skin is thin and elastic.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

TIGHT LACING is very unbecoming to those who usually adopt it—women of thirty-eight or forty who are growing a little stout. In thus trussing themselves up they simply get an unbecoming redness of the face, and are not the handsome, comfortable-looking creatures which Heaven intended they should be. Two or three beautiful women, well known in society, killed themselves last year by tight lacing. The effect of an inch less waist was not apparently enough to make this a wise sacrifice of health and ease of breathing. At a lady's lunch party, which is always an occasion for handsome dress, and where bonnets are always worn, the faces of those who are too tightly dressed always show the strain by a most unbecoming flush; and as American rooms are always too warm, the suffering must be enormous.—*Harper's Bazar.*

RECIPES.

WHEN there is a crack in the stove it can be mended by mixing ashes and salt with water.

TO MAKE paper stick to a wall that has been whitewashed, wash in vinegar or saleratus water.

FILLING IN THE CRACKS.—"Thoroughly soak newspapers in paste made of a half-pound of flour, three quarts of water and a half-pound of alum, mixed and boiled. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the crevices with a case knife. It will harden like papier mache."

A RIVERSIDE friend says: "I tried every thing I heard of to get rid of Buffalo moths without success, until I tried carbolic acid, and that has been a success. I use a tablespoonful of acid to a bucketful of the water I use to scrub the floors, and put down the carpet before it is quite dry, and have had no trouble since. The one objection is the smell, but that soon passes off, and by using it every house-cleaning I have cleared my house of them."

SNOW PUDDING.—Soak one ounce of gelatine in a pint of cold water for ten minutes; place over the fire, stir, and remove as soon as dissolved; when nearly cold, beat to a stiff froth with an egg-beater. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; add to it the gelatine froth, together with the juice of three lemons and pulverized sugar to the taste, and mix the whole well together; next pour into a mould, and set aside to cool; serve on a dish with soft custard made from the yolk of the eggs. This makes a beautiful and excellent dish for dessert.

CHOCOLATE.—Each ½lb. package is divided into six equal parts, one of which is the right quantity for a cup. Pour half a cup of warm water into a copper pan. Break the chocolate into small pieces and let it dissolve in the pan, stirring it briskly over a bright fire. When the chocolate is dissolved, mix with it a cup of milk, and stir again over the fire until it has boiled about five minutes, when it is ready for use. In order to have the chocolate perfect, it is absolutely necessary to stir it while boiling, inasmuch as this most healthy and delicate food becomes unpleasant to the taste if badly prepared.

GRAHAM PUFFS.—One cup and a half of Graham flour, one cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two liberal cups of sweet milk, three eggs. Mix salt with the flour. Beat up a batter with the flour and milk. Beat the yolks of the eggs to a froth. Beat the whites till stiff. Beat the yolks, then the whites into the batter. Bake in buttered stone cups half an hour or more. Use your judgment and do not keep them in too long. When done they will be well popped over. Keep the oven closed as much as possible. Ignorant cooks often spoil this simple and delicate cake by persisting to use baking powders or soda. They cannot believe they will rise without them.

STEAMED SUET AND FRUIT PUDDING.—Two and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one and a half teaspoonfuls salt, half a tablespoonful of cinnamon, half a tablespoonful of nutmeg, one cup of chopped suet or two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of chopped raisins or currants, one cup water or milk, one cup of molasses. Sift the soda, salt, and spice into the flour, rub in the butter, and add the raisins. Mix the milk with the molasses and stir it into the dry mixture. Steam in a buttered pudding-mould three hours. Serve with foamy sauce. If water and butter be used, three cups of flour will be required, as these thicken less than milk and suet. This pudding is sometimes steamed in small stone cups.

PUZZLES.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

In poor not in rich,
In drain not in ditch,
In honey not in sweet,
In hands not in feet,
In *night* not in day,
In brown not in grey,
In high not in low,
In swift not in slow,
In this not in that,
In dog not in cat,
In name not in *fame*;
And the whole the people claim
As their only legal chance
To destroy intemperance.

S. MOORE.

Quebec.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead an article of street attire and leave one of the human passions.
2. Behead a useful dish and leave a species of the feathered tribe.
3. Behead a portion of real estate and leave a part of the human body.
4. Behead a rivulet and leave a bird.
5. Behead a lowland and leave a rear entrance.
6. Behead an old-fashioned garment and leave a large stone.
7. Behead a small ruffle and leave a small stream.
8. Behead a lid and leave on the other side.
9. Behead a part of the body and leave above.

LILLIE A. GREENE.

SQUARE.

1. A vessel in which food is served. 2. A notion. 3. A marine animal. 4. An entrance to a house.

A BATCH OF TENS. ANAGRAMS.

1. Ten sibags; 2. ten tiles; 3. ten crams; 5. ten sakes; 6. ten sorues; 7. ten wings; 8. ten trains; 9. ten rags; 10. ten limes; 11. ten ices; 12. ten cars; 13. ten cars; 14. ten tines; 15. ten bars; 16. ten crabs; 17. ten raps; 18. ten raids; 19. ten sires; 20. ten cranes.

METAMORPHOSES.

Change a given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time; the number of letters always the same, and remaining in the same order.

Example. Change hand to card in two moves.
Hand, band, card.

1. Change warm to cold in four moves.
2. Change boy to man in three moves.
3. Change six to ten in three moves.
4. Change star to moon in five moves.
5. Change love to hate in three moves.
6. Change black to white in eight moves.
7. Change head to feet in three moves.
8. Change lady to suit in five moves.

If any one can change the above in less moves than given, please send to "Puzzles."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

"FUNNY FACES."—1. Curlew. 2. Barn Owl. 3. Prairie Hen. 4. Barking Gock. 5. Crested Cockatoo. 6. Bell Bird. 7. Ronen Duck. 8. Grouse. 9. Helmeted Guinea-fowl. 10. Hornbill. 11. Pelican. 12. Adjutant. 13. Egyptian Vulture. 14. Ruff. 15. Crowned Crane. 16. White-headed Stork or Boat-bill.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Lillie A. Greene.

The Family Circle.

PRAY, ALWAYS PRAY.

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D.D., BISHOP OF EXETER.

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Luke 18 : 1.

I.

Pray always pray ; the Holy Spirit pleads
With thee and for thee ; tell Him all thy needs.

II.

Pray, always pray ; beneath sin's heaviest load
Prayer sees the blood from Jesus' side that flowed.

III.

Pray, always pray ; though weary, faint and lone,
Prayer nestles by the Father's sheltering throne.

IV.

Pray, always pray ; amid the world's turmoil
Prayer keeps the heart at rest and nerves for toil.

V.

Pray, always pray ; if joys thy pathway throng,
Prayer strikes the harp and sings the angels' song.

VI.

Pray, always pray ; if loved ones pass the veil,
Prayer drinks with them of springs that cannot fail.

VII.

All earthly things with earth shall fade away ;
Prayer grasps eternity ; pray, always pray.

LOOKING BEYOND THE HILLS.

BY ESTHER CONVERSE.

"Mrs. Brown," said the pastor's wife, "I wish you would come to our missionary meeting this week."

"Well I don't know ; I don't get out much," answered Mrs. Brown, evasively.

"I know you must be very busy with your large family and dairy, but perhaps it would rest you to come ; we limit the exercises to an hour, so they are not tiresome."

"I didn't say I was too tired to go ; I'm as strong as most folks, I guess. But, Miss Allen, I fail to see what earthly good it does,—your gettin' together and talkin' about Chiny, and Harpoot, and Koto. You get little enough money, and nobody seems to care much. Seems to me you might find plenty of work nearer home."

"My dear Mrs. Brown," said the pastor's wife, impulsively, "I thank you for your honesty and frankness. You have probably expressed the thoughts of many of our neighbors, for I am very unsuccessful in my attempts to awaken an interest in this work. May I tell you my reasons for deeming the work of great importance?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Brown. "I didn't mean any offence ; I'm pretty free-spoken ; I generally say what I think," she added, proudly.

"You gave no offence, and I am glad you have spoken ; we cannot fight shadows. I am going to give you first a selfish view of the work. I need not remind you of the narrowness of a woman's life. The four walls of her home often limit her thoughts for days. I am sure you have sometimes felt the cramping, depressing influences of this."

"Yes ;" interrupted Mrs. Brown ; "only last night I stood at the sink washin' dishes and lookin' off onto the hills yonder, and it came over me like a surprise that there was something beyond ; and then came a kind of bitter feelin' that I must go on washin' dishes, and mendin', and never know anything about it."

"Such thoughts are natural to most of us ; and anything that sets in motion new currents of thought, broadens our sympathies, or rouses our intellect, cannot fail to be beneficial. Then, we revive our knowledge of geography ; we learn of the manners and customs of other lands. I haven't time to speak of half the subjects in which I have become interested since my connection with this society. To the rich it is invaluable ; it occupies much leisure time, and draws them from frivolity. Money that would, perhaps, be foolishly spent, is turned into useful channels. It helps to take us out of ourselves ; it furnishes themes worthy of thought and speech, and in our prayers for others, we ourselves may, and do, receive a blessing."

"There's another thing," again interrupted Mrs. Brown : "prayin', I must say, is quite beyond me. I was all of a tremble the last time I went, for fear I'd be called on. I believe my words would have raised no higher'n the ceilin', and settled down on us all again like a chill."

"I'm sorry you feel so ; if you will come again you need not fear that. You say we get little money ; that is true, but even a little helps. A little money goes a great way in China or India, in clothing and educating the children, or feeding the hungry, and kind words of sympathy are fully appreciated by those faithful teachers. Why should they spend their lives in those far-away lands more than we?

"I know that the recollection of our interest and sympathy strengthens them for their work. I leave it to your own loving heart to tell you of the cup of cold water given in his name, and to remind you that—

'Whate'er we do for thine, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.'"

"Well, Miss Allen, I'll come. What you say about geography is true. I used to be real good in that ; but last night, when father says, 'Where's Boocharest?' it came upon me suddenly like a glow out of the dark ; I hadn't an idea— but, land ! Annie spoke right up, and says, 'I'll show you father!' She knew!"

Mrs. Brown was present at the next meeting, and listened to the exercises with apparent interest. Returning home, the Sunday dress seemed to give a feeling of Sunday leisure, and instead of resuming at once her usual sewing or mending, she opened a geography left on the table by the children.

"Annie," said she, "where is Ezeroom? I heard a letter read to day from a missionary there, and I don't know where under the canopy it is." "I'll show you, mother," said Annie, kneeling by her side ; "we've been studying about it lately, and our teacher has a brother, not far away, who is a missionary. She tells us wonderful things about the country. Mother," she asked, earnestly, "do you suppose I can ever see any of these places I study about?"

Mrs. Brown gave a startled glance at the flushed face so near her own, and carelessly answered, "O, may-be you will."

"Is it wrong for me to say I will go there some time?"

"I don't know, child ; you'd better not talk about it." Mrs. Brown had resumed her sewing, and her needle flew through her work as she thought, "What if she should go to foreign lands! What if I should give a child to the work! Could I? And may-be her letters would be read in missionary meetings, and her name come out in print in the *Life and Light*! I guess I should be mighty proud of that! After all, what better could come to the child? I won't say anything to her, but I believe I'll put down a few steppin'-stones."

She arose and went to the bureau-drawer, where, under a pile of handkerchiefs, lay the old portmonnaie containing the few dollars saved in those wonderful ways known only to prudent housewives. "I'll subscribe for the *Life and Light* and *Missionary Herald*! Miss Allen called for names, and I'll send Annie right over."

Before night the "stepping-stones" were laid that aided the daughter in after years to climb to the height of unselfishness and self-abnegation that enables one to leave father and mother, home, friends, and native land for labor in the vineyard where the abundant harvest awaits its reapers.

Mrs. Brown was induced to take a "field," in which, through the influence of enthusiastic Annie, she became interested. Day after day as she stood at her dish-washing her thoughts wandered away to the wonderful country she located before the hills that bounded her vision ; and while her hands were employed in their monotonous labor, she often thought of the occupation of her people—their dress, homes, food, amusements ; and her questions in regard of these subjects greatly aided Mrs. Allen in maintaining the interest of the meetings. Her interest in the Sunday-school lessons increased, and often led to more extended research and thought. Can any one doubt that her own happiness also increased, and that husband, home, and children gained by the change?

When, unasked, her voice was raised in prayer with an earnestness that carried all hearts to that throne of grace from whence such prayers descend in gentle dews of divine blessing, Mrs. Allen was greatly moved. "Truly," she said, "in laboring for, in thinking of others, we ourselves are blessed ; the two are one. We labor for foreign lands, but the larger blessing falls in our midst, even on our own hearts. Foreign work is home work, after all."

When in after years letters were read at missionary gatherings from the zealous teacher who was so untiring in her devotion to her work, no one guessed the pride and joy of that white-haired mother who once found no pleasure in missionary words and work. Her life had been broadened, her soul enriched. Home walls and surrounding hills had no power to shut in a spirit that had broken its fetters, and claimed, in its unselfishness, kinship with the ignorant and oppressed of every nation and clime.—*Life and Light for Women.*

TOM SNOW, OR WAS IT GAMBLING?

BY M. L. MORELAND.

"It's a 'lucky piece,' I know," said Tom, tossing a bit of money into the air with one hand and catching it with the other while lying flat on his back.

"Where did you get it?"

"Won it throwing dice with Jack Brown and Fred Harper last night."

"Tom Snow, that was gambling!"

"I'd like to know why, Dick?" Tom began to lift himself up.

"Some one lost and you won. It's the meanest business in the world. You cannot make it anything else but gambling."

Tom lifted himself up to his full height and shrugged his shoulders. "You believe that Dick? How can you? It's on too small a scale for that."

"That's the way a thing always begins. Look out, Tom, or you'll get into trouble. I wish you'd keep away from Jack Brown and his set, any way."

"You're jealous, Dick. You want me all to yourself."

"No, Tom ; you're wrong. Come over to the house and talk with Aunt Sara. She'll tell you I'm right."

"Come ahead! We'll prove that you're wrong yourself."

In the first place, Aunt Sara was a white-ribbon woman ; in the second, a great friend to all the boys. Dick was her favorite nephew, and Tom had a large place in her heart because he was Dick's friend.

It was no new thing for these two boys to bring a matter to her. Whatever her judgment or decision, it was always accepted.

"Yes, Tom, Dick is right," said Aunt Sara when the matter was laid before her.

"But this is such a little thing!"

"Listen, Tom. My own brother and the playmate of my childhood was an inveterate gambler. I remember that first step. It was one afternoon when we were down in the orchard. One of his friends came over with two strange boys. One of the strangers proposed a game of marbles, and to 'play for keep.' My brother won every marble that the boys had. I told him it was gambling. He laughed. A few weeks later he brought home a knife that he won in 'betting.' All this troubled me. Though I was his dearest sister, he would not listen to me. He was always successful in 'winning,' and so dared to keep it up. He went through college carrying the same trait with him. Think of it, boys, he was nothing but a gambler when his school-days were over. He was known wherever he went as such. In large money affairs he carried the day.

"But there came a change. The men he associated with were wine-drinkers. They soon found out that my brother lost his power while under the influence of wine. He had always prided himself for being a temperance man, but his friends (enemies in disguise) urged him to drink with them. Thus they won his property, literally stealing it from him. Such a change as came over him! He was no longer my kind brother, but a wreck of humanity."

"Where is he now, Aunt Sara?" asked Dick.

"I don't know. He fled in disgrace and shame for his own safety. I think, Tom, he began with marbles—you with money."

Tom bowed his head on her shoulder in very shame. He felt the money burn in his pocket.

"It is the first time, and shall be the last ; but what shall I do with it?" and Tom held the money toward Aunt Sara.

"Do you know where it belongs?"

"I shall have to explain if I return it."

"Of course ; and you will, Tom, I am sure, since you belong to such white-ribbon women as your mother and myself. We expect something from our own boys in the temperance work, and the sooner you begin the better."

"I'll do it. Come on, Dick."—*Banner.*

WHAT IS GOOD SOCIETY?

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

"I will not allow Blanche to associate with anyone not in good society," Mrs. D—— said loftily.

"What do you mean by good society?" Mrs. L—— asked with a smile.

Mrs. D—— elevated her eyebrows in surprise as she answered—

"By good society I mean of course good society—people whose social position is equal to our own."

"In this so-called 'good society,'" Mrs. L—— said, with unruffled mien, "there are many wretched counterfeits mingled with the pure coin, and among the 'lower class,' as you are pleased to term it, there are many jewels. It is a comforting thought to me that my daughter Estelle has chosen her friends without reference to their environments. The companionship of such simple, modest and good girls as Ella and Eula Stevens will, I've no doubt, be of incalculable benefit to her. They are sweet and pure and true-hearted."

"But what do they know about conducting themselves in society?"

"Not much, certainly ; but they are apt, and can quickly adapt themselves to any circumstances, I think. Just at present, considering they are only young girls, it is commendable that they are somewhat backward in regard to matters of dress, flirtations and such trivial things."

Mrs. L——'s estimate of the young Stevens girls was correct ; they were girls, not premature women. They had been trained to be useful as well as ornamental. Their hands had been taught to move the wheels of the home machinery, as well as to perform skilful workmanship. Their naturally intelligent minds had been cultivated so that it was a real pleasure to converse with them. They were bright and gay and "as full of fun as a sound nut is of meat," Estelle L—— said ; but there was not a shadow of vanity or frivolousness about either of them.

Blanche D——, who had been spending the morning with some shallow girls of good society (?)—"good society," in their estimation, being a matter of "fine feathers make fine birds," girls with full pockets and empty heads—returned home to be greeted thus by her mother,—

"Mrs. L—— is queer. The idea of a person of her wealth and position allowing Estelle to associate with the Stevens girls."

"I think as much!" sniffed Blanche, sympathetically. "Estelle cares more for those Stevens girls than for any of us girls,"—meaning by the emphatic "us" the girls in "good society."

Why did Mrs. D—— sigh a few days later when her daughter had spoken to her rudely? Could it have been that she began to faintly realize that possibly her course with her beloved Blanche might not be the best and wisest in the world? Had she the dimmest idea that her boasted good society might prove but Dead Sea apples, stale and tasteless when in the future her child might be pining and drooping for juicy and wholesome fruit to stay a weary and much-tried soul?—*Church and Home.*

PHILADELPHIA *Record* :—It is really worth while for the wage-worker to save, although the process has become so unfashionable among men of fixed incomes that to follow it is regarded almost as a mark of eccentricity. The path to influence and independence for the toiler begins and steadily follows on the line of small economies applied in daily life. Ten years ago, in a Pennsylvania manufacturing town, a machinist went home one evening and said to his wife : "I am tired of this work for others, and we'll turn over a new leaf. I get $3 a day. Now, we will put away $10 a week, and live on the rest. If we can't live on it, we'll starve on it." He carried out his determination. In two years he had $1,000 in bank. With this he began business for himself in a small way, capital was attracted by his energy, and now he is at the head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in his section, rich, prosperous, and respected. What this man did was nothing of supreme difficulty. A strong, resolute will and a fixed purpose were all that were needed after his determination became fixed.

JAPANESE BOYS AND GIRLS.

A little girl in Japan looks forward to the third day of the third month, with as much eagerness and delight as does a little girl in America look forward to the twenty-fifth day of the twelfth month.

While there are many festivals of a general character in Japan which the children enjoy equally with their parents, the third day of March is a special holiday for the girls alone—a holiday as widely celebrated throughout Japan as Christmas is with us. On this day occurs the Festival of Dolls, or *Hina-no-sekku* as it is called. On this day the little girls wear their finest dresses and brightest sashes. Their black hair is faultlessly arranged and for its decoration the prettiest hairpins and crape are selected.

The parents arrange on one side of the best room a few shelves rising from the floor like steps. These are covered with cloth to make them more attractive, and on these shelves are placed the dolls. The principal dolls are really diminutive models of an Emperor and Empress, resplendent with gold brocade and tinsel, guarded on each side by a fierce-looking Daijin, or chief officer, armed with a bow and quiver of arrows; and, when the set is complete, five other models, representing court musicians, are also displayed. Other dolls of less official dignity may enter this august assembly, but the ones above mentioned are the important characters in this curious parade, and these are preserved in the family from year to year; many of them, indeed, are heirlooms, and may be of considerable age.

Other festivals besides this one of the dolls were wholly or partly given up after Japan's recent disturbing contact with foreigners. The more sensible among the Japanese have seen the folly of this national suicide in abandoning so many native customs and games and these festivals are gradually being revived.

The Festival of Dolls is of ancient origin and was supposed to have been originally celebrated by all the people as a day when special honor should be paid to the Emperor and Empress. It finally became an inheritance for the girls alone and though special respect and honor are paid to their chief rulers through these little effigies, or models, it is no longer observed with that special importance and strictness that formerly attended the celebration, as other dolls are brought in and paraded with those of the higher dignitaries. The dolls are not played with, but are arranged in great state on the shelves. Food made of rice and beans as well as little square cakes made of rice-flour are placed before them, in little dishes, while on the floor in front sits the little girl in rapt delight contemplating her treasures, and inviting her girl friends to share the delight with her; and the parents live over again the festivals of their childhood in watching the happiness of their little ones.

PREPARING FOR THE FESTIVAL OF DOLLS—"THE FAVORITE."

At the age of fifteen or sixteen the girl outgrows the festival; but the models, which are the common property of the family, are preserved for the younger members, and for the coming generation.

The boys take no part in this festival. But they look forward with the same eagerness to the fifth day of the fifth month when the *Noberi-no-Sekku* or Festival of Flags takes place; this is as exclusively for the boys as is the Festival of Dolls for their sisters. On this day the boy displays his models of warriors, standards, and toy swords, and indulges in war-like sports. In every home in which a boy has been born the previous year a flag, in the form of a huge fish made either of paper or cloth, and painted in bright colors, with fins and everything complete, is suspended from the end of a long bamboo pole which is secured to the side of the house, or planted in the ground. This fish is made bag-like, with the mouth distended by a hoop, and from this hoop strings run which hold it to the pole. The wind inflates the fish and as it sways back and forth it bears a striking resemblance to a large fish struggling against the current. An extraordinary sight is presented on this day as one looks across a great city like Tokio and sees hundreds of these fishes of all sizes, some of them thirty or forty feet in length, and all swaying and struggling in the same direction. The fish represents the carp in its attempts to ascend a river and is used as a symbol to illustrate the efforts a boy must make in his struggles for a higher position in life. The subject of a carp ascending a waterfall forms a favorite theme for the artist and may often be seen in Japanese picture books.

The Japanese child is taught above all things to be obedient and to be polite, and there is an indescribable charm in watching them at their games, not only because they are so gentle and amiable, but because they are so courteous to one another. The most confidential understanding seems to exist between parent and child, and in all the festivals of children the parents take the greatest interest and pleasure, and in the festivals of the older people the children are never forgotten but, on the contrary, are to be seen everywhere with their parents during days of festivities.

The remarkable character of Japanese children, so utterly unlike ours as regards manners and gentleness, has often been commented upon by writers. In our country the ordinary life of a child is often one of repression and correction, and the traveller is amazed to find in Japan not only the absence of all this repression and discipline, but that the children are allowed the utmost freedom. They are treated as equals. "Perfect Freedom for the Child everywhere," might be the motto; and this freedom is never abused.

The girls' sports and games are always feminine as the boys' sports are masculine; the intermingling of the sexes in games is not customary, though among the lower classes one may often see upon the street boys and girls or even young men and women of the immediate neighborhood playing battledore and shuttlecock. Among the Samurai class boys are never permitted to play girls' games.

As an infant the little girl instead of being immured in a hot stuffy cradle, is secured upon the back of an older brother or sister, and is brought out into the air and sunshine for hours together. The little child that acts as the horse is by no means curbed in its movements, but freely joins in the sports with other children each equally burdened with the baby of its family; and one of the prettiest yet drollest sights is the appearance of a large group of children actively engaged in bouncing ball, flying kites, or playing battledore and shuttlecock utterly unmindful of the little babies fastened securely yet loosely to their backs.

The infant having passed a year or two of its life in this way, in which it has had more healthful shakings up and down and more fresh air and sunshine than usually falls to the lot of our children in a decade of years, takes its turn at carrying some younger member of the family, and thus is added a new form of physical exercise and an experience in mental discipline in having lashed to its back this baby incubus for an hour or two with no escape from its uneasy struggles. It is a comical sight to see children tending their dolls in this way by tying them to their backs, and even the cat and dog may be carried in this way in play.

The infinite variety of toys and games for the Japanese child always excites the wonder and delight of foreigners. Toys of the most exquisite kind, and of endless character, are made. It would seem as if every object used by the Japanese is reproduced in miniature for the children's playthings. For the boys, swords, spears, fire-engines, and the standards of favorite companies; kites of every size and color; bows and arrows; tops and games of all kinds. For the girls models of houses and separate rooms; the kitchen with all its objects perfectly reproduced, cooking-ranges, the daintiest of tea-sets, dolls of endless variety from little caricatures in paper to the most elaborate baby with jointed limbs—and everywhere about the city the children are seen at play. In the open lots the boys are flying kites; in the gardens under the cherry blossoms brightly dressed children may be seen playing battledore and shuttlecock. In front of the poorer houses the frugal parents have spread a large straw mat upon the ground and upon this a number of children are having a tea-party. There is no place too sacred for the child. The broad flight of steps leading to the grand old temples, which are always open, have their prettygroups of children making mud pies or, with their toys spread out on the steps, playing various games.

With all this play and fun going on, the reader must not get the idea that the Japanese children spend all their time in play, for as far as I have observed the child is more industrious in Japan than in this country. The girls are seen in the morning dusting the rooms, and with wet cloths wiping the wood-work in the front of the house; late in the afternoon they are seen engaged in sweeping the street, just in front of the shop at home. Little boys are seen struggling along with packages and bundles, and doing errands of various kinds, assuming responsibilities in shops, measuring and weighing groceries, making change, and at night packing up the goods in compact bundles in readiness for the ever-dreaded conflagrations. In the country everybody is engaged in farm work — men, women and children. In the day time, as one rides through the villages, most of them seem absolutely deserted, so many of the people are absent in the rice fields at work.

NOTE.—I find in the *Analects* of Confucius that when Confucius' eldest son was born the Duke of Loo sent the philosopher a present of a carp, and this may possibly indicate the origin and antiquity of the custom observed on the Festival of Flags.

—*Wide Awake.*

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

"Why, mother, he says these are his present. That the going to school part is his mother's plan, and that it isn't a present, because it will be a good deal nicer for him than to study there alone, and that his father and mother say from what they hear of our family they would rather he would be with us than anywhere else, and that he says is just selfishness—it's the nicest kind of selfishness that I ever heard of," and Karl gave a genial laugh—"but that is the way he pretends to look at it, and these books, he says, are his present, given because he wants to give them. A good many of them are from his own library. He says he has had them so long, and read them so much, that he is kind of tired of them and will be glad to have them out of the way. So that is selfish too, I suppose"—with another laugh—"but, father, did you ever hear the like?"

"No," said Mr. Tucker, speaking slowly, and wiping his forehead with his red handkerchief, "I must say I never did in my life. And there seems to be no end to it, and nothing to say. I've used up about all the language that I ever learned, and still it keeps coming. I'll tell you what it is, my girl, it looks as though that journey which you took to your uncle Daniel's was going to be the greatest trip of your life. Well, well, well!"

When Mr. Tucker said that the family knew there was nothing more to be expected. Excitement had reached its height and he must have a chance to be quiet.

After a time Christie brought herself to the delight of handling the wonderful books, examining them inside and out. Looking at the illustrations, and the authors' names and the publishers' names; devouring, indeed, everything about them. Not the least interesting part was the story on the fly-leaf:

Miss Christie Tucker. From her grateful travelling companion.

Or,

Christie, from Wells.

Or,

For my distinguished Surgeon, in Memory of many Pocket handkerchiefs.

Miss Christie Tucker.—From one who escaped the down train.

These were some of the inscriptions. The boy had exhausted his invention in writing in each some reference to the eventful day when their acquaintance began. The tears which had been pushed back by excitement were creeping very near the front again, until Christie opened a large, beautifully bound volume of Abbott's delightful history and read on the fly-leaf,

Christie.—In memory of Sarah Ann.

Then she laughed, and the tears went back.

It was Mr. Tucker who finally found his voice again after discovering baby at the piano just as he touched the key once, making it give forth a sound that turned Christie suddenly from her books. "Look here, mother, do you suppose we can any of us do such a kind of every day thing as to eat some dinner? In case we should want to, how are we going to get it, I wonder? I hear the clock striking twelve."

Whereupon Mrs. Tucker, who had been divided between her attempts to show Nettie the pictures in a book, and to keep baby's eager hands from it, after he had been led away from the music, uttered an exclamation that seemed to mean a great deal to her, and suddenly vanished.

CHAPTER XII.

The last thing that Karl and Christie did that night was to slip into the front room and take a parting look at their treasures. There was no fire in the stove, but both the children felt a glow all through them as they looked about the pretty room and saw the gleam of the piano keys, and the bright colors of the wonderful books.

"I feel as though I wanted to scream," said Christie. "I would shout right out now, if father and mother wouldn't hear me and be scared. What does make you so sober, Karl? I have noticed you all day."

"Don't I look glad?" asked Karl, stooping over to straighten a book that was tipping.

"Yes, you do, but you look sober, too. There is a new look, somehow; I never saw it on your face before."

"It never was there before," he said, speaking with a sort of cheerful gravity. "I've made up my mind to one thing, Christie, and I guess it makes a difference with looks and everything; it does with feelings, I know. I'm going to be a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. I settled it this morning, early. In fact, I am a servant now. I have belonged to him all day, and I like it."

"Oh!" said Christie, drawing a long breath and making a low, sweet sound of pleasure after it, in a way that cannot be put on paper; "That is the very best thing yet of all these best times, Karl, I'm too glad to tell you anything about it. You will have to guess how glad I am. Won't you tell me all about it? How came you to decide?"

"Well," said Karl, setting the lamp on the little table, and turning so that he could look into Christie's eyes, "it is all mixed up with these things. I don't suppose I could tell you how much I have wanted to go to school and learn, and have you learn, and have books and things. I meant to do it some day, but once in a while I got in a hurry and could not see how it was ever going to be done, and I would feel as though it was too bad, anyhow. Sometimes when you would talk about these things I would think that if God thought as much of us as you said, he would plan a way for us to go to school and learn. I said once that if I could have books like other boys I would be ready to belong to Jesus and work for him too. I felt dreadfully that day you went to uncle Daniel's. I wanted you to go, you know, I wouldn't have had you miss it for anything, and yet I kept thinking that the money it took would have bought us a geography, and what good would the going there for just a day do? Then, when you came home and had such wonderful things to tell, something seemed to tell me that God knew all about it, and sent you there to save Wells Burton's life, and take care of that baby. And I thought maybe he knew all about everything, and was planning for us. Then the things began to come, and the more they came, the more astonished I was, and I began to feel as though it was almost certain that God was doing it. Only I couldn't understand how it was going to help about the books and the school. Then last night Wells told me he had some books for you. I was so astonished, after all, to think that God really was going to send books, that I didn't answer a word to Wells. He did all the planning about getting them in slyly, and I kept still. But I couldn't get to sleep for a long time last night; this morning I got up before it was light, and I made up my mind, whatever the books were, whether there was a geography or not, God was doing it all, and I would belong to him and serve him. Yes, sir," said Karl, in excitement, bringing his strong little fist down on the table, "I said I would, whether I ever went to school a day in my life! And here this morning there came two geographies and two arithmetics, and the school and all! I never saw anything like it!" And here Karl who had not let even Christie see him cry for more than a year, dashed off two tears and choked back several more.

The door leading from the kitchen into the hall opened, and they heard their mother's voice:

"Children, are you standing in that cold room yet? You do beat all! Go right away to bed. The books won't run away before morning, nor the piano either, you may depend on that."

Wells was standing on the piazza steps the next Monday morning waiting to show the new scholars to the schoolroom. They came in ample time, their cheeks rosy with the hasty walk, the excitement, or both. They looked very neat and trim. Christie in her neat travelling dress, which her mother had concluded might be worn for the first day or two, and Karl in a neat jacket made out of his father's old coat. Under his arm he carried what was worth more to him than all the new jackets in the country—the two arithmetics and the two geographies.

"Here we are!" said Wells, gleefully opening the school-room door.

BABY TOUCHED THE KEY ONCE.

It was a long room, built quite at the end of the large old house, and had a piazza running its entire length, with three glass doors opening from it into the schoolroom. Framed in two of these doors stood Christie and Karl and looked about them in silent delight, not unmingled with awe.

A carpet of mossy green covered the floor. At one end was a blackboard, at the other end a history chart, and all the spaces between were filled with maps; larger maps than these two had ever seen before. The long, wide centre-table was strewn with books and writing-materials, and had running rows of drawers—a set for each of them, as Wells explained. There were three large chairs of just the right height for the table, and into one of these Christie presently sank, with clasped hands and a look of such unutterable satisfaction on her face that Wells burst into hearty laughter.

"I hope you'll like," he said, as soon as he could speak; "I hope you'll like everything. I fixed up things just to my fancy; mamma laughed at some of my notions, but I was sure you would like them. Don't you think, for instance, that those globes look better over that green table where a fellow can get a chance at them, than they do perched on those upper shelves?"

"Everything looks perfectly lovely," declared Christie, and her eyes were on the cottage piano which occupied an alcove. Wells' eyes followed hers.

"Yes, that's my piano. It has a good tone, I think; see if it hasn't," and he seated himself before it and ran his fingers over the keys in a way which made the blood tingle in Christie's finger-tips.

He laughed at the look in her eyes.

"You can play better than that in a little while, I presume. I have no talent for it. I just do it by hard drumming. Oh, Christie, what do you think! The Seaside Library woman has been heard from!—Fact!" he added, as Christie's astonished, not to say shocked eyes, were raised to his. "She wrote a long letter and tried to smooth over what she had done. She said she had been miserable; I think she ought to have been, don't you? Mamma thinks she must be very much changed, and I should hope she was, since that day we met her on the cars. She sent a message to you; what do you think of that? Said she had reason to thank you. She did not say for what, but I suppose it was the seed-cakes."

There was a gleam of fun in his handsome face, but it sobered again as he said: "I suppose I ought to be glad that she is trying to behave better, but you see I don't think I like anything about her."

"I am glad," said Christie, her eyes shining. "She knew she had been doing what was wrong, and that was what made her so cross and disagreeable. Don't you know when you have done something wrong it makes you feel cross?"

Wells had no answer to this but a laugh, and a wise nod over at Karl. He did not choose to confess how he felt when he knew he had done wrong. The entrance of the professor interrupted the talk, and set the schoolroom into a buzz of work.

Many interesting things have happened to Karl and Christie since that time, but neither of them will ever forget that first wonderful day at school.

There was somebody else who had reason to remember this day. It was just at its close that Mrs. Burton called Christie to her room and began to question about the Cox children. How old were they? Of what size? What did they need in the way of clothing? Christie described them as well as she could, and blushed over the question as to what they needed.

"I think they need most everything, ma'am," she said hesitatingly. "I don't feel quite sure what they need worst; they don't seem to have anything."

"There are two suits of Wells' outgrown clothes which would probably do for the boy," Mrs. Burton said thoughtfully, "but I don't know about the little girl. Estelle's clothes would hardly be suitable for her. Still, there are several good strong dresses which might be made over; well, I'll see what can be done. I think we will drive out there this afternoon and call on them, you and I, and perhaps your mother would go with us and see just what they need most."

Christie's eyes were beautiful just then.

"Mother will go, ma'am," she said with great eagerness. "She knows all about everything, and she feels ever so sorry for the Cox family. I will take care of Nettie and the baby and let her go. She knows how to help."

"Very well," Mrs. Burton said, smiling kindly on her. In her own mind she believed that Christie too "knew how to help," but it was very pleasant to see how wise the womanly little girl thought her mother to be.

Christie was full of the scheme when she reached home. It was the first thing she talked about after she opened the door.

"Oh mother, Mrs. Burton is coming in the carriage at four o'clock, and she says will you go with her to see Mrs. Coxand find out what they need most? She is going to fix Lucius and Lucy up so they can go to school and to church, and everything. Oh mother, isn't it splendid!"

"Me go with her in the carriage!" repeated Mrs. Tucker; "bless my heart, what does she want of me?"

But she went. Christie stood at the window with the baby in her arms, and watched with intense satisfaction while Karl helped his mother into the carriage precisely as he had seen Wells do to his mother a few days before.

(To be Continued.)

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER XII—(*Continued*).

They were gone until nearly dark, and Mrs. Tucker came home with a satisfied air; much had been accomplished.

"They are fixed out finely, now, especially Lucius," she said, nodding her head at Karl and Christie, but meaning the Cox children. "You two will have as much as you can do not to envy them, I guess. Wells' outgrown suit fits Lucius as well as though it was made for him, and Lucy's doesn't want much fixing, though Mrs. Burton says her Estelle wore it when she was fourteen. She must be a delicate girl.

"FIXED FINE, SPECIALLY LUCIUS."

Lucy is really a very pretty child when she gets dressed up. She put a blue flannel suit on her, and it made her look like a lady. Her mother just broke down and cried; but that didn't last long. The next thing she did was to begin sweeping the room, and I thought that was a better sign than the crying."

"Sweeping the room while you and Mrs. Burton were there!" exclaimed Christie, aghast. That sort of politeness was not in keeping with her mother's usual teachings.

"Yes, while we were there; and I was glad to see it too. That poor woman hasn't had the heart to sweep her room this long time, and I was afraid she had lost all care as to how things looked. It did me good to see her start up and begin to pick up things and sweep. The sweeping didn't last long. She said she forgot, for a minute, but she did not notice that things were so bad; that is just it; she has been too discouraged to notice. Now that Mrs. Burton has put a little heart into her, she will wake up and try again, I do believe. That is a good woman, Christie. There is a difference in rich people as well as in poor ones."

"Mother, do you think she is a Christian?"

"No," said Mrs. Tucker in a low voice, "I know she isn't—she said so; but I guess she wants to be, and I can't help hoping that she is going to be."

"Mother," said Christie softly, after a few minutes of quiet, "don't you think the furniture and other things, are beginning to work a little bit in the way the old gentleman said he wanted them to?"

"I guess they are, child; I know they are setting me to thinking."

Saturday it rained. If it had not been for that, Christie was to have gone to the depot with Karl when he took in the Saturday night's extra supply of milk. As it was, she stayed at home and watched for him with no little eagerness. The truth was, she was to have a new pair of gloves for Sunday, and Karl had had very careful directions about picking them out. She did hope he wouldn't make a mistake. He was later than usual. She began to fear that it had grown too dark for him to select the right shade.

"Did you get them?" was the first question she asked, as at last he opened the door. You see, when a girl has as few new things as our Christie, a pair of lisle thread gloves, at twenty cents, becomes a matter of great importance.

"Yes," said Karl, "I got them, and I guess they are the right shade, for Wells picked them out. He says he knows they are all right."

"Wells!" said Christie, with a little start. "How came he to?"

"Why, he offered to do it while I went over to the office, and I knew he understood how to do such things; he does them for his sister. He was waiting for her. She came in on the train. She is a beauty, Christie. But I got a good deal more than gloves. Something for you. I never did see the beat."

"What is it?" asked Christie, sitting down in the nearest chair. "If anything more comes to me, Karl Tucker, I shall give up!"

"Well, something has. A letter, for one thing, and a little bit of a white box for another. Just as I was coming out of the post-office, Hal Parsons called me.—He is the one who was along that day and helped with the piano.—'Halloo!' he said. 'Does Miss Christie Tucker live out your way now, or don't you know her?' Then they all laughed. Those fellows never will get over laughing at me about that time when I said I didn't know any such person. Well, I told him I had made her acquaintance lately, and then Hal said I had better step in and look after her property. And there was an express package for you."

"An express package!" repeated Christie, her cheeks glowing. "What is that?"

"Oh, it comes by express—on the cars—you know. A man has to go along and take care of the things, and see that they get safely to the express office. Then you have to sign your name, and the clerk gives the package to you. There was nothing to pay. Here it is. What a speck of a thing to send by express."

Christie took the small white package bearing her name and looked at it eagerly.

"What can it be?" she said, a great deal of suppressed excitement in her voice.

"It can't be a piano," Karl said laughing. "Nor a sewing machine, nor a rocking-chair, nor even a book. It is too little for anything."

"Oh, no," said Christie, "ever so many nice things are small. Don't you know that locket which Mrs. Burton wears on her chain, what a tiny thing it is; I suppose it cost a great deal of money. But of course this isn't a locket."

"Open it, Christie, and let's see what it is."

But Christie turned away and laid it resolutely down on the supper table.

"No, let's keep it until father comes in and we are all ready to sit down. Then we'll have the nice time altogether. We have a treat for to-night, Karl. Little bits of soda biscuit, and the nicest maple syrup you ever saw. Mrs. Burton sent us a pail full since you have been gone? And, oh Karl! Dennis had a real load of things for the Coxes—meat, and a sack of flour, and some butter, and I don't know what all. Won't they have a nice Sunday?"

"Going to keep the letter too?" Karl asked. "Well then, I'm off. Hurry up your biscuit; father and I will be in in five minutes."

Ten minutes more of pleasant bustle and then baby was tied in his high chair, and Nettie climbed into hers, and the happy family gathered about their table.

"Now for the letter," said Father Tucker, as he tucked away a nice biscuit. "Will your supper keep, my girl, while you read it out?"

Christie thought it would, and with her clean knife dexterously made an opening and drew out the neat sheet of very handsome note-paper, written in a man's hand.

"Oh Karl," she said in admiration, "what beautiful writing! I want you to learn to write just like it."

"All right," said Karl cheerily. "Of course I can, as well as not. I'll attend to it to-morrow." Then the reading began.

DEAR LITTLE SUNSHINE,—I cannot help calling you so, because on that long, long rainy day which we spent together, you were the only ray of sunshine to be seen anywhere, and you shone steadily and patiently all day, and reached right into my heart, which I thought was too sad and gloomy ever to get into sunshine again. Do you remember me, I wonder? And the number of times I looked at my watch, and how you laughed at me—a sweet, bright little laugh—and then how gently you apologized for doing what was no harm at all? Oh, I remember every little thing you said and did that day. I had nothing else to do, and I cannot help thinking that your sunshine had a great deal to do with helping me keep my senses, and your praying did, I believe, great things for me.

Do you remember my promise, little woman? I was to write you a letter—

["Oh," said Christie, looking up, "he did say he would, but I thought he would forget all about it. He promised to tell me—well, I'll read on. Oh, dear, I hope it did do some good, though I don't see how it could!"]

Then she read:

If our five hours' stop in the rain and the mud did any possible good to my friend, in any way, I was to tell you of it. Remember? Well, now, I have a wonderful story to tell you. There was a great physician whom I happened to know was travelling that day, and would take a train at Brightwood Junction about noon, for his home in a far-away city. My plan was to get to the city in time to connect with the Brightwood cars, and get out there before the noon train would leave, and beseech that doctor to go on with me, and try to do something for my friend. This was my plan. But it so happened that nothing of this was true. The great doctor did not go to Brightwood Junction at all, as I had been telegraphed that he would. At the last minute he changed his mind and went to the city to get the East-bound train on the Wabash railway. But the same storm which made trouble for us worked mischief on the Wabash road, and there that doctor sat and waited, and hoped that the train would leave. Pretty soon came into the depot a man, a friend of mine, who had been waiting at our depot for two hours for me, and then gone around to the Wabash depot in the hope that I might have come that way. The first person he saw was this doctor, whom I had telegraphed him I was going to try to bring with me. He rushed up to him and told his eager story, and the doctor went away with him to my friend's sick-room. When I reached there at night, the great doctor had just gone, having stayed with her all day, and done for her what he hoped would save her life. Now, little friend, let me stop right here and say with all my heart, Thank God! and next to him, thank you, for your faith and your prayers. It would take a great deal to convince me that your praying all that day had not a great deal to do with the strange providences that led us all. For see! Suppose I had been able to carry out my plans: I should have gone as fast as I could to Brightwood Junction and so missed the doctor entirely. Or suppose I had appeared at the depot on the train which my friend expected, then he would not have gone to the other depot at all, and in that way we would have missed him. Dear little Sunshine, he is a wonderful God. I know you will be glad to hear that I have learned to pray. I got down on my knees that night, and told him that I would serve him forever, and I thanked him for overturning my foolish plans, and carrying out his own that day. I wonder how many more things were accomplished by that rain storm! Wouldn't you like to have the story of that day written out for you? And now, my little woman, I have taken the first leisure moment in which to write you. There has been a great deal to do, and you see my letter comes from a long way off. I was married ten days ago to the friend whose life was saved that Christmas day, and I carried her away at once for change of air. She is growing strong and well. In a little box which you will find at the express office, there is a wedding present for you to help you to keep in mind the time when you laughed and prayed a soul out of sore trouble. My wife sends her love to you, and says that when you see that baby you may kiss him twice for us both. Write and tell me how often you look at my wedding present.

Yours, for Christ and Heaven,

LEONARD RAMSEY.

"Well, I never," said Mrs. Tucker.

"I should think as much," said Mr. Tucker.

"Pooh! pooh!" said the baby, but he did not mean any disrespect. He was simply trying to blow out the light. As for Karl, he pushed the package toward Christie, and said in unusual excitement.

"Open it, quick! I most guess what it is."

"What!" said Christie, and "What?" said Nettie, her eyes bright with expectation.

"I'm not going to tell; open it, quick!"

So amid silence, except from the baby who gravely and steadily pursued his scientific project, the seal of the package was broken. It showed a small white box, with a string tied around it. The string was cut and the lid lifted. It showed simply a puff of white cotton. Then Karl seized the box and held it to his ear.

"I knew it!" he said in intense excitement. "It is alive."

Christie's face was growing pale. She took back the box and pushed away the cotton. Certainly it was alive, and it spoke very distinctly too.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock!" was what it said.

"Do for pity's sake lift it up," said Mrs. Tucker, and Christie lifted it up. A small gleaming gold watch which despite its journey from the city, was steadily engaged at its work saying "Tick-tock, tick-tock!"

Don't expect me to tell you what any of them said or did for the next half-hour, for really I cannot do it.

"Well," said Karl, drawing a long breath when the excitement was somewhat abated, "I know one thing, I know I was never so glad of anything in my life as that I stayed at home Christmas and you went to uncle Daniel's."

"But I didn't go," said Christie, bursting into laughter.

Then they all laughed.

THE END.

MRS. BURTON PUT A LITTLE HEART INTO HER.

"READY FOR THE CALL."

A striking incident was related at a recent Medical Missionary Conference in New York, by Mr. A. M. Cochrane a manager of the New York Medical Missionary Society, as follows: I was visiting a young doctor in Bellevue Hospital, one evening. Being off duty, he was in his own room, enjoying a rest, and we were engaged in pleasant conversation when the electric bell sounded an alarm. Immediately there was a wonderful change in my friend; jumping up, he said: "Excuse me, that is the 'hurry' call for all the ambulances on emergency." His slippers were off, and boots pulled on in an instant; putting on his uniform cap, he reached for his overcoat, and saying, "Come in again, won't you?" he was half-way down stairs before the gong stopped sounding. The ambulance rolled up to the gateway and didn't need to stop for him as he swung into it. I walked down stairs slowly and out into Twenty-sixth street, thinking what a grand thing it would be if we were all as ready to hear the cry of the distressed and suffering and run to their relief. We cannot all be physicians or foreign missionaries, but if any have heard the appeals made and are impelled to listen to the "emergency" call, let them get ready as quickly as possible. "The King's business requireth haste," and the effectiveness of our service for the Master largely depends upon our readiness to hear and promptness to obey.

NOBODY ever heard of a merchant who, having witnessed his clerk's extraordinary skill at whist, or billiards, or base ball, resolved within himself, "I will take that young man into the firm." And nobody ever knew a man with a vacancy in his office, or shop, or counting-room, going to a base ball ground to select the best "bat," "catcher," or "pitcher" there to fill the situation.

READY WHENEVER HE COMES.

"There's mother on the move already! What is she getting up so soon for?" said Martha Wilson to her sister Fanny, as she heard footsteps descending the stairs in the early morning.

"Farmer Hargreaves is going to give her a ride to market with him. He generally takes one of his own people, but to-day none of the family want to go, so as he knew that mother wants a day's shopping sometimes, he offered her the spare seat in his cart."

"But he will not be starting for hours yet. How ridiculous it is of mother to turn out so soon! She will have plenty of time to tire herself in town, and would have been better for an extra hour's sleep, instead of getting up that much earlier."

"It is tiresome," replied Fanny, "for if the mother is downstairs it *will not do for* us to lie in bed and let her get things ready *for herself*;" and she at once began to dress.

Martha followed her example, not very willingly, for both sisters agreed in thinking that but for their mother's over-anxiety they might have enjoyed an extra hour's rest. But conscience would not allow them to leave the good mother unassisted, so they made all possible haste to join her below-stairs.

"Why, mother, you are up too soon," began Fanny, as she entered the kitchen and found the fire already lighted. "We should have had breakfast ready for you in good time if you had stayed quietly in bed till your regular hour."

"But Farmer Hargreaves is coming, my dear," said Mrs. Wilson.

"I know that; but he never goes off to market at this time of morning," said Martha. "He generally passes at about nine o'clock. It is only an hour's drive, and there is no business doing before eleven."

"He mostly does pass about nine," agreed Mrs. Wilson.

"What time did he say he would call for you?" asked Fanny.

"Well, my dear, that is just what I cannot tell you. He said he would come, and he's quite certain to keep his word, if he is living and well. But I quite *forgot to ask what* time, and I suppose he forgot to tell me without asking. So I said to myself, 'I'll be soon enough. It will do me no harm to wait a bit here in the house; but I must be ready whenever he comes.'"

"It's not likely that just this morning he will be starting ever so much sooner than usual," *persisted Fanny, resolved* to convince her mother that she had made a mistake.

"Don't be put out about it, my dear," replied Mrs. Wilson. "*You* may be right, and may have to wait, perhaps an hour. But I shall feel quite comfortable, because by being ready in such good time I shall be on the safe side. *I had not meant to* call *you* girls, for I could have managed very well; but I could not have been comfortable in my bed thinking that Mr. Hargreaves might be coming and finding me unprepared for my journey."

"And I hope you don't think we could have lain comfortably in our beds after we heard *you moving about, mother*," said both the girls, for they were good, dutiful daughters to their widowed mother, though apt to think sometimes that she was over-anxious and fidgety.

So they took the work in hand and got all tidied up and the breakfast on the table without loss of time, whilst the mother put on her *better gown*, and made herself ready for the drive to market.

Mrs. Wilson took her meal comfortably and without stint of time, and was able to read a few verses of God's Word and offered a prayer with her children according to daily custom. Only all was done just an hour earlier than common.

The three had risen from their knees, and the widow was glancing round to see if there was anything lying about to remind her of business to be done in town, when the sound of wheels was heard.

"I believe Mr. Hargreaves is coming," exclaimed she; and sure enough she was right. The wheels stopped at the little gate, and the farmer's youngest boy, whom he had brought so far for the purpose, ran up to the door to ask, "Is Mrs. Wilson ready?"

The widow answered by making her appearance and going towards the gate.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wilson," said the farmer. "Here you are, I see, as fresh as a daisy, and with every pin in its place. I am very glad to see you ready, for I was half afraid you might not be. I quite forgot to say last night that I must start at eight instead of nine, because I had an uncommon deal of business to get through. There's one man in particular that I never can catch unless I get to town before most of my neighbors. And having to go soon is another reason why I am able to give you a lift this morning. My wife is extra busy at home, and could not have left till later."

"I'm very much obliged to you *for taking me* at all," said Mrs. Wilson. "It is a great convenience, with a station a mile and a half off. I am glad I was ready, for, not knowing the proper time, I said to myself, 'I'll be soon enough, and then I shall be on the safe side.'"

"That's it!" said the farmer, with a smile on his ruddy face. "And would you believe it? it was knowing your ways that made me come round at all, though I had promised. I said to my wife, 'Mrs. Wilson doesn't know what time I start, but she's just the woman to be ready the earlier on that account.' If it had been any one of a lot of neighbors I could mention, I should have known it would be of no use to go near their doors. They would have reckoned what hour I mostly start at, and aimed to be ready by then; and even after all, three out of six would have kept me waiting. But I felt that you were not of that sort, so I came and found you ready, and here we are on the road to market. To anyone else I should have sent my respects, and as I found I must start too early for them, I would give them a lift some *other time*."

Thus spoke the farmer to his passenger.

Mrs. Wilson's girls, looking after their mother, said, "She was right after all. If we don't know the time, it is best to get ready soon enough, then we are on the safe side."

There is One who has said, "Be ye therefore ready also, for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not." There is one journey all must take. There is one call to which no one can turn a deaf ear, yet no one knows when it will sound for him. It is no use to say, "I am young, it is not likely the call will come before middle age;" or "I am in the prime of life; I will expect the call when I am old." There is a command for you to obey; take good heed to its warning, then the time at which the call comes will matter little: "Be ye also ready."—*Friendly Greetings.*

IN THE AUTUMN of 1830 a travelling book-peddler, who afterward became a successful publisher and the head of a firm whose name is well known in the United States to-day, came to the door of a log-cabin on a farm in eastern Illinois, and asked for the courtesy of a night's lodging. There was no near inn. The good wife was hospitable but perplexed, "for," said she, "we can feed your beast, but we cannot lodge you, unless you are willing to sleep with the hired man." "Let's have a look at him first," said the peddler. The woman pointed to the side of the house, where a lank, six-foot man, in ragged but clean clothes, was stretched on the grass reading a book. "He'll do," said the stranger. "A man who reads a book as hard as that fellow seems to, has got too much else to think of beside my watch or my small change." The hired man was Abraham Lincoln; and when he was President, the two men met in Washington and laughed together over the story of their earlier rencontre.—*N. Y. Independent*

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Out of Darkness into Light.

"I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness."—JOHN viii. 12.

W. O. LATTIMORE. (TEMPERANCE HYMN.) IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Long in dark-ness we have wait-ed For the shin-ing of the Light;
2. Now, at last, the Light ap-pear-eth, Je-sus stands up-on the shore;
3. No-thing have we but our weak-ness, Nought but sor-row, sin, and care;
1. Long have felt the things we ha-ted, Sink us still in deep-er night,
2. And with ten-der voice He call-eth, "Come to Me, and sin no more!"
3. All with-in is loath-some vile-ness, All with-out is dark des-pair,
CHORUS.
Bles-sed Je-sus, lov-ing Sa-viour! Ten-der, faith-ful, strong and true,
rit.
Break the fet-ters that have bound us, Make us in Thy-self a-new.

All our talents we have wasted,
All Thy laws have disobeyed;
But Thy goodness now we've tasted,
In Thy robes we stand arrayed.

Blessed Jesus, loving Saviour!
Tender, faithful, strong and true,
Break the fetters that have bound us,
Make us in Thyself anew.

Thou hast saved us—do Thou keep us,
Guide us by Thine eye divine;
Let the Holy Spirit teach us,
That our light may ever shine.

Blessed Jesus, be Thou near us,
Give us of Thy grace to-day;
While we're calling, do Thou hear us,
Send us now Thy peace, we pray.

Question Corner.—No. 14.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. We read of three persons gathering sticks; one was put to death, one was rewarded, and the other was *called a god. Who* were they?
2. Who hanged himself because his advice was not followed?
3. Who married a third wife to please his parents?
4. What King of Israel was taken among thorns and bound with fetters?
5. Who sold fish on the Sabbath day?
6. How *many* knives did the children of Israel bring back to Jerusalem from Babylon?

A BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Of virtues three, but one just name?
What term of bliss can Christians claim?
Where found Noah's Ark a resting-place?
What sure *hope* has our sinful race?
What courtier said, "Thou art the man"?
What Bible stars *in heaven's* plan or span?
In what are victors fain to choose?
What fault in all,—all should disuse?
And tender trait all men imbues?
What must be,—minus which, all is nought?
What results from where Cupid wrought?
Now, be correct, and sum up all,
And tell what an angel said to Paul.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 13.

1. Daughter of Poliphera, priest of On; Gen. xli. 45.
2. Babel; Gen. x. 10.
3. Pharaoh; Ex. i. 12.
4. Othniel; Jud. i. 12, 13.
5. *Chorazin and* Bethsaida; Luke x. 13.
6. Troas; 2 Tim. iv. 3.
7. Tadmor; 1 Kings ix. 18.
8. Rabbath; 2 Samuel xi.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.—Love worketh no ill to his neighbor. Romans 13. 10. 1. Lois. 2. Ointment. 3. Virgins. 4. Elymas. 5. Wages. 6. Olivet. 7. Rabbi. 8. Kish. 9. Eunice. 10. Tarsus. 11. Honey. 12. *Naaman.* 13. Oil. 14. Ivory. 15. Laban. 16. Levites. 17. Timothy. 18. Og. 19. Hebron. 20. Ishmael. 21. Siloam. 22. Nain. 23. Ephesus. 24. Israel. 25. Goshen. 26. Mt. Hor. 27. Barnabas. 28. Onesimus. 29. Rome.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from H. E. Greene, Lillian Greene, Jean Beattie, Jennie Lyght, Frank Carruthers, and Albert Jesse French.

"A NICE LITTLE PRIZE."

GENTLEMEN,—I write to acknowledge the receipt of the *Northern Messenger* prize, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I think it is a very nice little prize, and take pleasure in reading it. Hoping that your number of subscribers may continue to increase,

I remain, your friend. L. L.

Richmond, Va.

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